

Silver Creek, Spring 2020



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If you must know, I have been taking some of my photographs and writing something for them. The first half of the book concerns photographs taken many years ago. Those toward the end were more recent.

In most cases the photo came first.

Kim Taylor, August 2020



Barsoom

Barsoom Boys are bonny
they live without care
they live on the air

What air there is
on Mars

Nobody ever dies
and we're all in charge
and we're all gonna be rich
and we do what we want
as long as we have our blasters
and our swords

We can live in a world
with total freedom

Isn't that nice
~~



Time Enough

What does it mean, to pose.
What is it that one is doing
when the shutter is released
and the light makes its mark
on the surface.

What is it,
this slice of life we hold in our hands.
What is this instant, how does it relate
to flesh, blood, and breath.

When we use a camera as a microtome
and section time,
does it scream in agony.

Does it fight back.

~~



Geisha

Do you suppose
Will Adams
had a girl in Japan

Do you suppose
they practised martial arts
and had fun with makeup
while play-fighting?

You stick to your budo
and I'll stay with mine
~~



Reflected Light

What is a photographer
without a model?
You have to have something
that will reflect light
Someone

And contrary
to what I have occasionally heard
black skin reflects light
quite well
~~



Not me

They say
that a photograph
reveals the artist

Not my hat
Not my shirt
I don't look like that
~~



Garden Fairies

Garden Fairies
are always hard to catch
This isn't Cottingly
in 1917
It's just an old garden
where I worked
in 2005

Just a bed of hosta
No Fairies
Honest
~~



Concrete

Life in the city
can be dirty
gritty
and mean

But you can dream
of ancient forests
and the creatures
that lived there

The creatures
who were once here
where this concrete
this lifeless concrete
dreams of nothing

~~



The Glorious Dream

In that glorious dream
of long afternoons,
we have forever.
Time for games
Time for dreams
of many things

As many have before,
some dream of glory
An ages old martial dance
And dreams can come true

Sadly true.

~~



The Swan

You inhabit your world
like a swan on the shore
A natural movement
through the water
of our times
and then to rest
where you will

Who would dare
disturb your repose
~~



On the Beach

Ten years,
not so very long,
except that the oil doesn't flow
as well as it used to.

The hurricane season keeps getting longer,
the ozone layer gets thinner,
the ships have trouble getting through.

The wind still blows,
And Uranium
from Canada and Australia
The lights are still on
our houses are warm.

The trains run on time
now that the government has stepped in.

With all the wars for oil,
there isn't much time for swimming,
for too much selfish indulgence,
for showing more flesh than we need to.
A nice walk after supper is better
than all that decadent sunbathing anyway,
says the good book.

The Gods are on our side,
and our boys will be home by the end of the year
they say.

~~



White Room

In a white room
your alabaster skin
makes the wall
seem a dingy grey

You look at me
with those ginger eyes
and I feel less
than a bead necklace
draped around your neck

~~



Ginger Boy

Oh my ginger boy
your wild Norse hair
self-clipped in isolation
your Old Man protected

You get your height
your hair
from both sides
a Scots father
a Dutch mother

But you are all you
Subtle mind
Gentle nature
with a love of rolling,
of bending others
into strange shapes

Have I told you lately
how impressive you are?

~~



How Many Years

How many years
does it take
for a box spring
to be nothing but springs

How many years
since she slept
on that bed

How many years
since he shared her bed
Were there kids?
Were there happy times?

There was trouble
never a doubt
but too much?

How did this bed
come to be in a field
rotting away in the rain,
the snow and the sun

How many years
to be nothing but springs?

~~

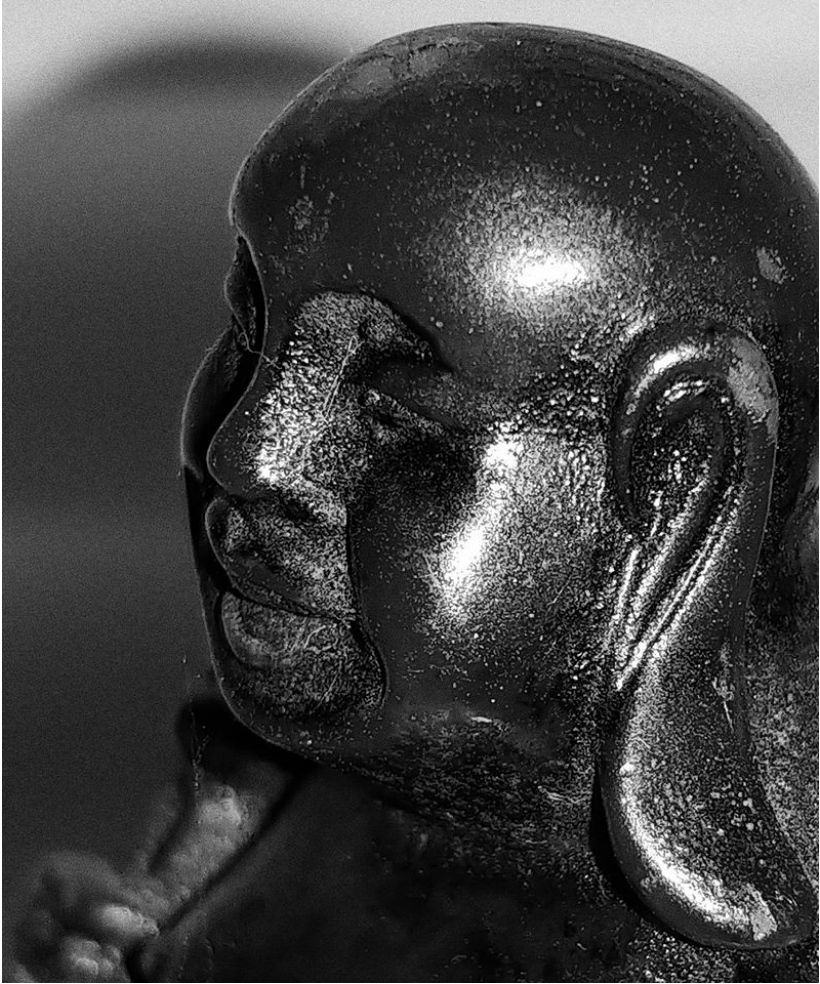


Distant Friends

Who can look at a train
and not think of distant friends
in distant lands
Should we board?
Should we ride into the past?

Should we visit those
we have left behind
or would they be polite
offering tea
instead of a punch to the face

One we probably deserve
~~



Hotai

Friend Hotei
was to be on my sword
just his stick and bag
peeking out
over the habaki

I used to be called Hotei
Because of my smile,
my laughter?

Or, I suspect,
my big belly
~~



Long Long short Long

When I was young
hungry
trying to go to sleep
I would listen to the train
as it passed a mile away
Perhaps close enough
for me to board
Long Long short Long

When I was in school
my room was right above
the tracks
I woke up
when the train didn't go by
at 4am
Long Long short Long

In my room
I had a dormer window
and in that alcove
a chair
that had arms
just the right height
for my girlfriend
Long Long short Long

Now, 40 years later
I own a house
that is across the street
from the assembly yards
Just about a mile
down the line
I wake at night
as old men do
and I listen to the train
Long Long short Long
~~





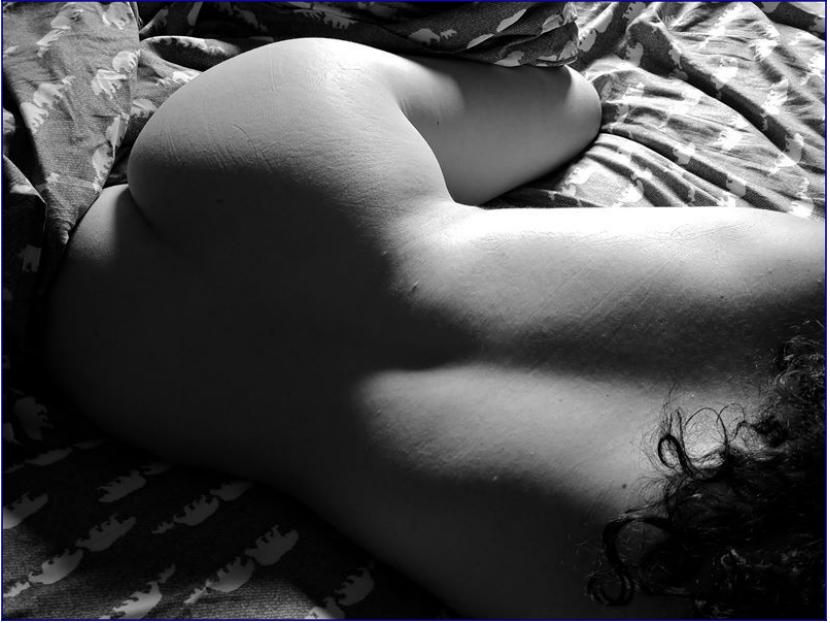
Nice Pear

One young fellow
to another
is never polite
they are always led
by their socks
(what they stuff
down the pants)

One says to the other
"Nice Pair"
and the other says
"Nice ass!"

And Edward Weston
is ashamed
of that photo

~~



Those Curves

There is a lot to be said
about curves
they go in and out
of style
but they never, ever
go away

What age
what infirmity
can ever dim
the line of light
and shadow
down the shoulder
through the lower back
and across the hips

In death
I will forget those curves
but not yet
Not Yet
~~

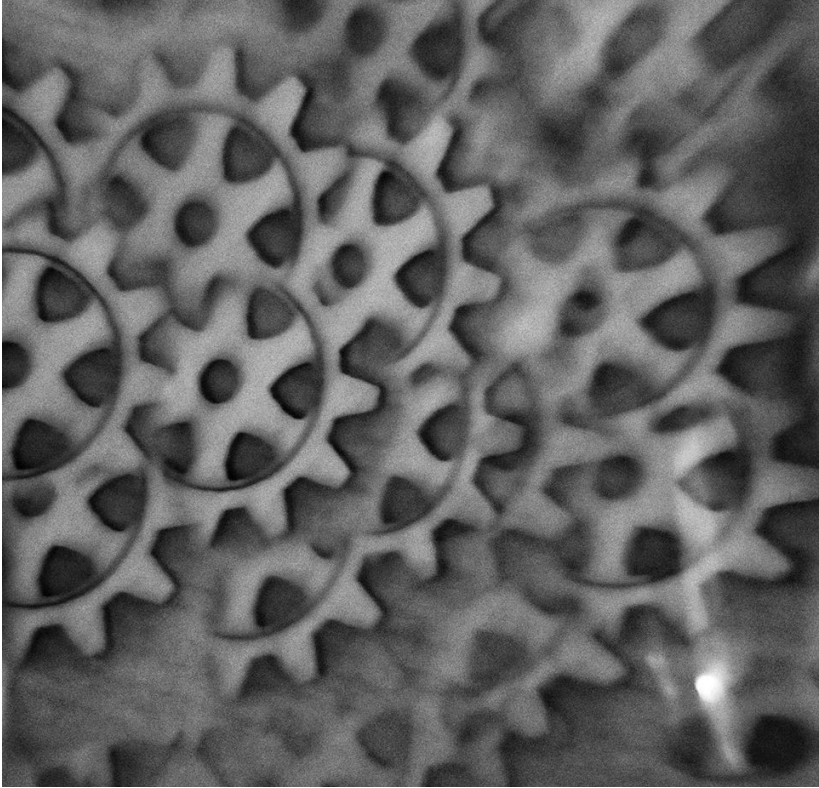


Once

When I was a young man
I would have looked
at this bit of fungus
and thought of a woman

Now, as an old man
I obviously
haven't changed
I took the photo right?

~~



Gears

Wheels within wheels
"when she said...
I should have said...
and then she would have..."

These cycles
you have
we all have
can waste so much
of our life

Find a way
to throw the branch
of peace
into those cogs
of despair

Roll with it
when you land
~~

Musashi

Is there anything
more pleasing
to a sensei
than seeing a student
lounging in a hammock
reading a book

I thoroughly approve

~~





Silver Creek

Near my house
there is a train
and under the tracks
there is a tunnel
and through that tunnel
flows Silver Creek

Sleemans (a brewery)
makes Silver Creek lager
and our Japanese teachers
like it

The creek pops out
of its underground realm
about 100 yards upstream
and about 100 yards downstream
it goes underground again
Poor Silver Creek

Sleemans is no longer here
The manor house
is now The Manor Hotel
a nudie bar
And the Japanese sensei
liked it once, but we don't go now

Things change
The Japanese instructors
also like Pam
The girl beside the tunnel
I've never seen her dance
I swear

~~



The World

No good story
ever started with
"We had a salad"

How about
"It started with an old map"
or perhaps
"She longed for adventure"

But
"We had a salad"?
~~



You will find more poetry by Kim Taylor at:

<https://180degreeimaging.com/TaylorBooks.html>

And books on other topics at:

<https://sdksupplies.com/>